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### THREE POEMS

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FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(After reading his *Complete Poems*)

They say he will not come, although the spring  
Will scatter flowers over Irish grass  
Where summer will tread slumbrously and pass  
For autumn rains and winter's covering.  
He cannot hear the blackbird; Boyne can bring  
No song to him; he cannot see the mass  
Of gorse beyond the oak where trysting was;  
He lies far off from Ireland's blossoming.

Yet in these pages we may keep the tryst  
He made with Beauty, and, enchanted, go  
To the white hawthorn in the shadowed glen,  
Or watch the sunlight burning up the mist,  
And see the river winding, flashing, slow;  
Then here, to meet us, he will come again.

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#### DAWN-WIND

Sweep through my being  
And purge it of pain,  
Dawn-wind, fleeing  
Down Lake Champlain!

Of Earth the Mother  
None is so fleet,  
Not even thy brother,  
The Sun, to greet  
My waking eye  
Before I know  
Thee whirling by;  
For blossoms blow,  
And everywhere  
I find a dream  
Has grown more fair.